



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1805.

NOVELIST.

AMANDA:—A TALE.

[Continued from Page 162.]

"I SHALL pass over in silence (continued Amanda,) the various stratagems he adopted to obtain each interview without the knowledge of Mrs. Darnley, and merely say that he quitted Bath upon our removal from it, and never passed a day without seeing me until I had proved my tenderness at the altar.

"Whether my aunt had any suspicion of our intention, or whether illness had affected a temper naturally sweet, I cannot pretend to say; but one morning, soon after our unfortunate union, she positively declared, that if I married Alphonso, he never should inherit a sixpence of her fortune.—This resolution, so alarming and unexpected, rendered it necessary for us to act with still more circumspection, and the apprehension I endured that my situation might be discovered, absolutely occasioned an alarming illness.

"Mrs. Manners, who was acquainted with our secret, fortunately arrived in town about this period; and, fearful that her friend must suspect the marriage, entreated her to permit me to try the benefit of country air; and within a month after my departure from London the lovely boy, whom your humanity rescued from destruction, taught me to feel a mother's fondness.

"The regular accounts I received from London of the debilitated state of my aunt's health, induced me to quit the country before my own was in a situation even to bear the journey; but as my husband had provided a nurse for the child, within a few doors of my intended residence, the prospect of again embracing him was a double inducement for my own exertions, and I arrived in London before the occa-

sion of my absenting myself from it had been suspected by any part of the family.

"My beloved aunt's affection appeared to have increased by this temporary separation; and the improved appearance of my person gave an animated glow to her countenance, that at once proved both her sensibility and her tenderness,

"My Amanda!" said she pressing me to her bosom as she spoke, "I knew not until we parted how much I loved you, or how necessary your presence was to my happiness; yet do not suppose that I mean selfishly to prevent you from partaking of those pleasures I can no longer enjoy, or expect that a girl of your age should devote the choicest moments of her life to the amusement of a being, whose mind and body are equally debilitated; but as I cannot entirely relinquish the gratification of your society, and at the same time wish you to have the power of mixing with the world, you will not be surprised at my receiving with delight a proposal from Sir Edward Forbes, that appears calculated to insure the felicity of us all.

"His elder son, a young man of high honor, engaging manners, and independent fortune, lives but in the hope of calling you his own; and as a proof of the strength of his attachment, consents to be burthened with the company of an old woman, for the sake of enjoying the society of a young one.

"In short, my love, his proposals are at once so honorable and disinterested, that it was impossible for me to hesitate about their acceptance; and I have only to hope that my Amanda has conquered her partiality in favor of an undeserving object, and that she will be able to place her affection upon one every way deserving of her."

"To this speech, uttered with a voice of softness and solicitude, I was wholly incapable of making any reply, but my countenance described the agitation of my feelings; and my amiable relation, anxious to relieve the situation of my mind, assured me no restraint should be put upon my inclination; yet conjured me, for her sake, to receive the attentions of Mr. Forbes, who, she flattered herself, would be able to make an impression on my heart.

"Whilst the amiable young man, in whose favor my aunt had taken so warm an interest, was daily evincing the tenderness of his attachment, my heart was torn by contending emotions. Alphonso—the faithless Alphonso!—for whose sake I had hazarded the loss of more than a mother's fondness, neither came, sent, nor wrote to me; and though on our separation, he had promised to contrive to see me in less than a fortnight, five months elapsed without hearing a word from him.

"My child who had been placed at nurse, a relation of Mrs. Manners, was the only source from whence I derived consolation; and the gratification I should have enjoyed in his infantile caresses was embittered by the constraint I was forced to put upon my feelings.

"Mr. Forbes, perceived, and commiserated the dejection under which I labored, and, with all the warmth of disinterested affection, conjured me to make him the sharer of my sorrows. His voice, his look, and his professions of tenderness, would have made an impression on the most callous heart; and unable to sport with such generous sentiments, I made a frank confession of all my sorrows.

"He heard me with mute but agonized attention, and, throwing himself upon the sofa near which he was stand-

ing, for some moments concealed his face within his handkerchief; but, recovering himself within a short time, he exclaimed—"Oh, Amanda!—dear unfortunate Amanda—teach me to bear thy afflictions with resignation, and my own sorrows will sit lightly on me!"

"There was a something in his voice and manner that gave a sudden horror to my heart; yet I fancied his agitation proceeded more from *disappointment* than *sympathy*, and endeavored to calm him by an assurance of my friendship. My aunt's partiality had greatly increased, and she seemed determined to cherish the hope of his becoming her nephew, in spite of the reluctance too perceptible in me. I therefore conjured him to devise some means of reconciling her to the impracticability of the scheme, and besought him to save me from reproof and censure.

"Reproof and censure!" exclaimed my lover, in a tone of deep dejection:—"Who shall dare reprove or censure *purity* like *thine*? Yet, art thou pure?—ah! no!—a villain, a base villain, has undone thee!" So saying he rushed out of the room, leaving me alarmed, terrified, and confounded.

"A few moments' recollection convinced me that the disappointment of his wishes had created a sudden disorder in his intellect, and I indulged the hope that a short time would reconcile him to the necessity of his fate, and enable him to bear the mortification with composure. Notwithstanding this idea, my aunt perceived something had occurred to depress and pain me; and as I was under the necessity of ascribing it to some cause, I informed her that Mr. Forbes had been suddenly indisposed, and had acted in a manner so phrenzied and alarming, that it had produced an unusual agitation in my feelings.

"A messenger was instantly dispatched to Sir Edward's with inquiries after the state of his health, when, judge of my astonishment and apprehension at being informed he had quitted the house in a post chaise and four, without assigning any reason for his journey.

"The conduct of my husband had not weakened my attachment, and a hundred terrifying ideas rushed instan-

taneously on my mind, that Alphonso was the object he intended to pursue, scarcely appeared to admit of a doubt; and that the consequence of such a meeting might be fatal, had too much of probability for its support not to create a thousand terrors?—My aunt perceived the conflict in my feelings, and, imagining it proceeded from attachment to her favorite, endeavored to console me with an assurance of his safety.

"I had been so long accustomed to conceal my sentiments from this excellent woman, who deserved my utmost confidence, that I suffered her to indulge this idea; and, instead of frankly avowing the duplicity of my conduct, increased my guilt by additional deception.

"A fortnight elapsed without intelligence of my lover, during which time my mind was tortured with the most dreadful apprehensions; and my fears had gained so complete an ascendancy, that the most fatal certainty could not have exceeded them. The wished-for news at length arrived;—and judge of my horror at perusing it.

"TO AMANDA.

"TO wound a heart softened by sensibility, and to agonize a breast composed of tenderness, is one of those distressing employments, from which the mind of man must recoil with horror; yet such, Amanda, is the office I undertake. Yes, dearest, best, and most unfortunate of women, the being who sympathises, venerates, and adores you, is going to agonize that gentle bosom with a tale which harrows up his very soul, and leaves him destitute of all—but Pity!

"You must recollect, my adored Amanda, the anguish I endured during the recital of your affecting story; though, probably, at that period you attributed it to a different cause, and imagined that the hopeless situation of my own passion had reduced me to that state of phrenzy which interested your feelings; but it was for *you*, Amanda, that I suffered; it was *your* sorrows that I found insupportable; and I would willingly have resigned all pretensions to your hand, could I have felt convinced that you were lawfully Alphonso's.

"Start not, my beloved, at the bold assertions—but, Alphonso is a—*deliberate abandoned villain*!—who has

basely seduced thy innocence and honor; and, under the specious, artful *name of husband*, tarnished that same *vestal* might have prized! Abjure him from thy thoughts—banish him from thy remembrance;—for know, Amanda, he was married two years before thy beauty fired his breast. A sad conviction of this truth flashed on my mind as soon as I heard his name; but yet, I hoped the tale was false:—would I had been deceived!

"I have pursued him, Amanda, near four hundred miles:—we have fought, and yet the monster lives! He is wounded, though not dangerously, but is prevented going on board the packet which is to convey him to Ireland by a wound which he received under his left arm. Oh! dearest Amanda, might I hope you would chase his abandoned image from your mind, and occupy it by the remembrance of a man who adores you, then might bliss and joy reanimate this breast—then might I look forward to days of happiness, and nights of soft repose!

"Your marriage with this monster is absolutely invalid, and, fortunately, your friend alone is in the secret. In me you will find a being grateful for that felicity you alone can confer, and eager to anticipate your every wish. Yes, Amanda, we may yet be happy. Your child will find a father—you will secure a friend—and your venerable aunt is anxious to receive me as a relation. But I will plead my passion when I am able to travel, at present I am a close prisoner in my chamber; Alphonso's sword passed through my arm, and the surgeon has still some doubts of saving it. But to you, my beloved, I was resolved to write, in spite of the constraint which he has laid upon me. Spare your aunt the knowledge of every thing that relates to this unfortunate affair;—and oh! Amanda, shield thy breast from sorrow!—Yes, most adored of women, consider that the peace of him who lives but in your smiles depends upon your resignation! Farewell—May guardian angels succor and sustain you! EDWARD FORBES."

[Conclusion next week.]

A plain and short road to a good destiny—"Be studious and you will be learned—Be industrious and frugal and you will be rich—Be sober and temperate and you will be happy.

USEFUL.

From the New-Orleans Telegraphe.

MR. BELURGY,

Sir—I request you will insert in your paper an experiment I have lately made, which if followed up by professional and men of talents, may become of infinite use to society.

From hearsay, which I did not credit, I having wounded a turkey buzzard, stuck a pin in each of his eyes, and was much surprised on perceiving the day after that his sight was as good as ever; I repeated the experiment on a second one, in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its recovering its sight—my astonishment on the next day was great, on perceiving his sight as good as on the preceding day. I observed that he kept his head under his wing all night; from thence concluded that the down in that part of his body contained the valuable matter which restored him his sight.

At that period I had a workman, named John Liver, who had been afflicted for a long time, with sore eyes, accompanied with an inflammation, so great as scarcely to be able to distinguish objects, and threatened in a short time, an extinction of sight: I procured down, taken from under the turkey buzzard's wings, and I applied it to his eyes, and found that they had (after the application of the first night) without any pain to him, discharged a thimble full of blood; he has continued the same application and finds his sight perfectly restored. LAVERGNE.

MISCELLANY.

VIRTUE—AN ALLEGORY.

VIRTUE, a nymph of celestial origin, wandered long on the earth unnoticed.—Truth and majesty shone on her brow, love beamed from her eye, and softness hung upon her lips, yet the sons of men viewed her without desire. They thought her beauty of too chaste and severe a cast, and avoided her company because they feared her reproof. She was grieved to be thus disregarded, and strove by displaying her amiable qualities, to engage the love and admiration so justly her due.—Those who accidentally approached her, felt the power of her charms, while those at a distance abused and defamed her. Some, pretended even

to doubt her existence, and others declared her an impostor. She bore all this with patience, because she remembered her celestial origin and destination. It was rumoured that she was the heiress of immense treasures, and notwithstanding men are greedy of large possessions, even this procured her no lovers. She had a few friends. One of them at length began to regard her with complacency,—and though he did not credit the story of her wealth, he resolved, after some reluctance, to espouse her. As soon as she was convinced of his sincerity, she consented, and he took her to his bosom; yet without being so much enamoured as her beauty deserved. But every day unveiled some new charm. She gave him so many proofs of the disinterestedness of her regard, that his heart was penetrated with gratitude, and he rather adored than loved her. In process of time, she made him the father of two lovely daughters, whom she called CONSOLATION and DELIGHT.—These children were perfect cherubs, and followed his steps wherever he went. Consolation wiped the tears from his eyes, and filled his soul with the placid serenity which beamed through her own countenance,—while Delight, with sparkling eyes and exulting heart, described to him the treasures which her mother possessed in a distant country, and which he might claim in her behalf. Virtue confirmed the word of her child. She assured him a messenger would soon arrive and conduct him to her father's court. He could not doubt her truth,—but waited without impatience the arrival of the messenger,—the endearments of his wife, and the caresses of his children, were a perpetual solace to his heart. The messenger at length came, who was a monster of a frightful aspect,—but he made him welcome, because he was the only guide acquainted with the way, and because his wife assured him that when they reached home they should see no more of him.

AMUSING.

ANECDOTES.

A TEAMSTER, setting out on a journey, called upon his uncle, for whom he had engaged to carry some produce to market. It being night, and receiving an invitation from his

uncle, he concluded to put up there. A maiden lady belonging to the house, who did not possess the most hospitable disposition, manifested her chagrin by muttering, "I believe if the devil himself were going a journey, he would call here to stay all night." "Without doubt," replied the teamster, "for here he would expect to find the greater part of his loading."

Flattery in Rags.—"Your charity, dear Lady," cried a beggar, the other day—"I have no small change."—"Then, charming Madam, give me your beautiful lily hand to kiss."—"No friend—but there's half-a-crown for you."

A LIEUTENANT of a man of war, who was very fond of fine terms, having received orders from the captain on shore, to send the cutter to him instead of the barge, told the boatswain to *postpone* the *large* and *expedite* the *cutter*. The rough unlettered son of Neptune ruminated some time upon the lingo without making it out; at length he luckily thought it related to some of his crew, and replied to the officer, that "*Postpone was ill in his hammock, and Expedite was gone on shore.*"

Launcester, April 3, 1805.

WE have to apologize to our readers for the late appearance of the HIVE this week.—Each of our patrons as have changed their place of residence, will please to inform us where their papers are to be left.

YE fair! ye gay! in youth's full bloom draw near!
View, if ye can, this tomb without a tear.
Say in what charm henceforward will ye trust,
To ward off Death, since E— sleeps in the dust.
Fair, virtuous, young, and, to adorn her mind,
Man's stronger sense with female softness join'd.
Voracious Death! could'st thou no longer stay,
Or aim, at last, thy shaft another way!
No! this surpass'd the gloomy tyrant's power;
'Twas Heaven's command—pluck first the fairest flower.

DIED, on Thursday evening last, Mrs. Elizabeth Demuth, aged 22 years 4 months and 4 days, consort of Mr. Jacob Demuth, of this borough. This excellent woman had endeared herself to a husband, friends, and a numerous acquaintance, by the most mild, social, and benevolent virtues.

—, On Saturday morning last Mrs. Elizabeth Graff, in the 72d year of her age.

POETRY.

[The following poetry is an extract from Gifford's translation of Juvenal's Satire upon the Women of Rome; written under the Emperor Domitian. As there never was a time, when the American Women were more free from the practices, which are the object of the Poet's abuse, than at present; it is therefore presumed, that it may be published without disquieting the breast of any female, with the idea of personal application. It may serve as a beacon to warn them not to pollute themselves with the vices and follies of the affluent, polished, luxuriant, and dissolute æra of the declining Roman Empire.] [F. Cab.]

A WOMAN stops at nothing, when she wears Rich emeralds round her neck, and in her ears Pearls of enormous size; these justify Her faults—these make all lawful in her eye. Sure of all ills, with which the state is curs'd, A wife, who brings you money, is the worst. Behold! her face a spectacle appears, Bloated and foul, and plaistered to the ears With vicious pastes:—the husband looks askew, And sticks his lips in this detested glue. Still to the adulterer, sweet and clean she goes, (No sight offends his eye, no smell his nose) But rots in filth at home, a very pest, And thinks it loss of leisure to be drest. For him she breathes of nard, for him alone She makes the sweets of Araby her own; For him, at length, she ventures to uncase Her person; scales the rough cast from her face; And (while her maids to know her now begin) Washes with asses' milk her frowzy skin;— Asses, which, exil'd to the pole, the fair, For her charm's sake, would carry with her there. But tell me yet; this thing, thus daub'd and soil'd— Thus poultic'd, plaister'd, bak'd by turns, and boil'd; Thus with pomatum, ointments, laquid o'er, Is it a face, *Ursidius*, or a sore?

[We have often thought there was generally too little gratitude, affection, and tenderness, on the part of children towards their parents, considering all the pain, fatigue, care, and anxiety, which children cost their parents, particularly their Mother.—As having a tendency to correct this error, we re-publish the following exquisite effusion.] T. Amer.

MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheeks sweet kisses prest?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And d' tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I'd got to say?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy Book and Day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,

My Mother?

Ah! no—the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.

FABLE OF THE PARROT.

A PARROT of beautiful hue,
Was kept by a lady, of late,
And long was Poll nourish'd and grew,
Contented and pleas'd with her state.

Her cage with fine gold was inlaid;
Her food was the whitest of bread,
And when night did the welkin o'ershade,
The softest of down was her bed.

Thus many a summer she past,
In happiness, splendor and glee,
'Till tir'd of dependence at last,
Poor Poll often sigh'd to be free.

One fine, rosy morn, in the spring,
The door of her cage open stood,
And Poll, with a fluttering wing,
Escap'd to a neighbouring wood.

The birds of the grove throng around,
The beautiful stranger to view,
The hills, with their praises, resound,
The valleys the echo renew.

Poll hears their applause with delight;
Of her beauty and wit she grows vain—
When lo! by a ravenous Kite,
She is seiz'd and destroy'd on the plain.

MORAL.

Thus thoughtless maids, who love, from home,
In quest of flattery to roam,
Shall find, when caution is too late,
Their virtue meet the parrot's fate.

[Bal.]

ALCANDER.

MATHEMATICAL.

[Re-published by Particular Request.]

FOR THE HIVE.

QUESTION I.

IT is requested to find three whole cube numbers, whose sum, added to the sum of their roots, shall be equal to the sum of three other whole cube numbers, added to the sum of their roots; when the six cubes must be all different?

II.

Four numbers geometric by nice calculation,
Exhibit the ages of men in high station;
From the cube of their sum if their squares be subtracted;
The remainder you'll find in the margin protracted,
The sum of their ages if rightly collected,
Make seven score and ten without fractions affected.
Exert your endeavours, algebraists victorious,
Find the ages of all, and appear meritorious:

III.

Once more my friends without the least digression,
Unravel this geometrical progression;
And tell me what four numbers I must take
Whose sum and product will exactly make; 46721:
Then square the least, and cube the last extreme
Their difference in the margin doth remain:—19619.
Adieu kind SIRS, 'till August try your skill,
To please yourselves, and gratify my will.

N. B. The above are set forth by John Gibbons.

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